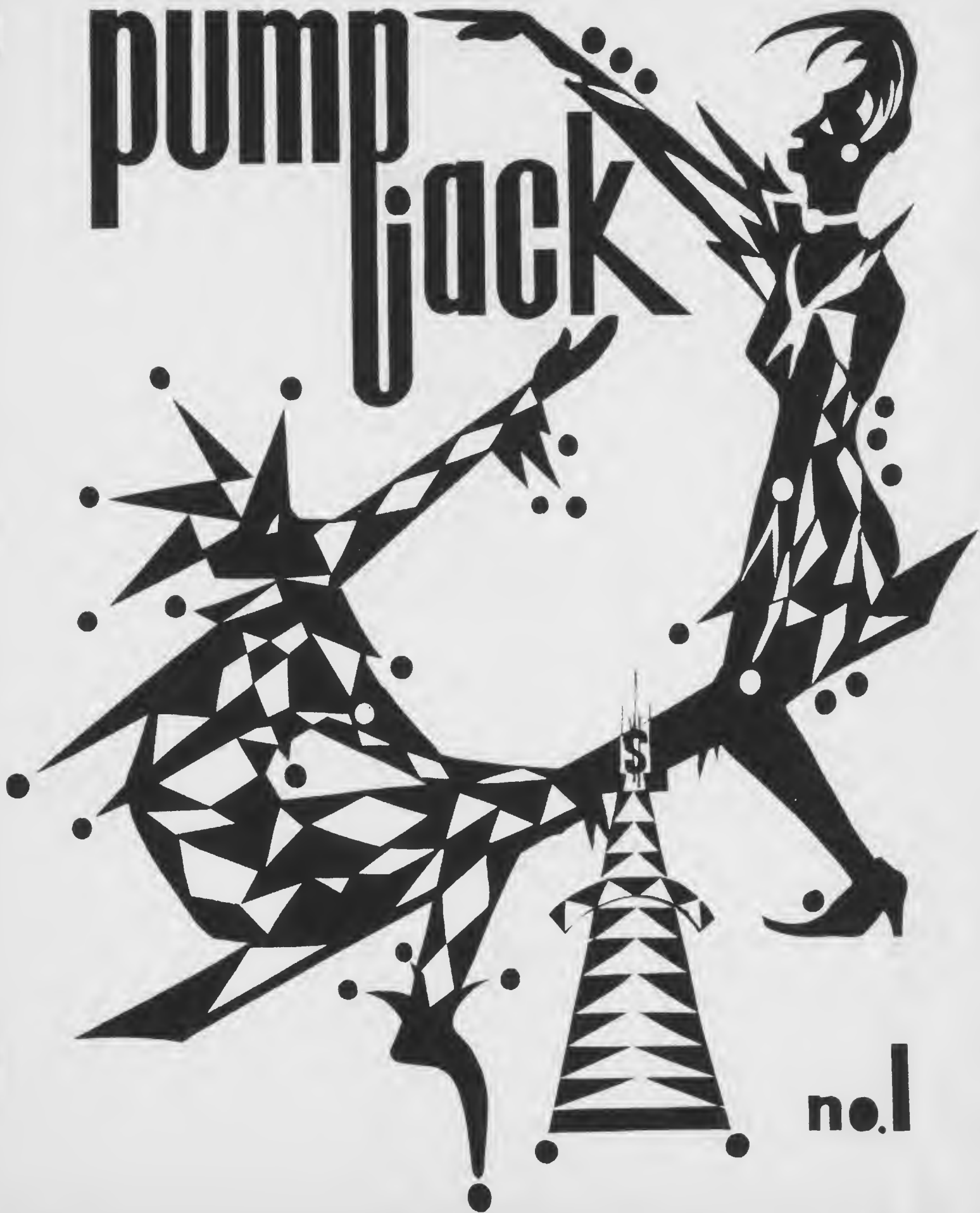


# pump jack



no.1

the seminarians

the seminarians sow  
their semen stalk  
past in the air  
their gestures juggle space  
turning their proud pods  
they stare  
at me

J  
A  
N  
E  
T  
  
M  
A  
R  
K  
H  
A  
M

who have no seed

seed these seeds  
do they feed  
on earth sun  
soak in earth  
ask the sun  
as priest feeds on Christ  
who feeds on whom

who has no seed

fluid losing do some  
spermless turn  
in heat of sun  
reap  
harvest as they spill in  
earth stalk away

who have no seed

the bath

I hated  
to wash all of it off and yet  
I did  
I washed it off you can wipe  
city grime so easily  
it doesn't get into your  
soul  
but the pure grime  
of country waht can you do with  
it grows and grows and glows until  
you're bursting all over so I  
washed it off  
but the cream was inside all over inside oozing softly  
everywhere

J  
A  
N  
E  
T

well it was  
hot summer day you see  
and there was this pull  
inside me this grab  
you see and I had to go so  
my legs  
cycled my mind-heart broke  
loose I yelled away  
from city in a gravel road  
heat peered through the dust then  
two heaven horses mama  
huge beige coat  
brown-maned colt  
all creamy awkward little boy  
and his two dogs saying  
I want you  
to see our pigs and  
calves and ducks and  
cats and geese and more dogs and  
kittens and flies and my sister and  
mumandad sleeping  
comeansee here King gogetit King rarf  
the cream was inside all over inside oozing softly  
everywhere

M  
A  
R  
K  
H  
A  
M

the bath cont'd,

even pigs even  
are beautiful ever seen  
a row of  
five snouts under a slat  
two calves jostling for  
milk all foam in a pail  
kittens lurch their tiny weight  
sister all freckles awkward family  
milks the cows after supper after  
I wash in a basin of  
family-muddy creek water father  
milks mother milks sister  
milks brother milks  
piss piss piss piss'  
heavy breathing flies  
pink fly powder and peace  
you don't get it  
here in the city but  
my God is it beautiful so  
I wash it all off and  
there it is  
the cream inside all over inside oozing softly everywhere

the Roc is a very rare bird

The two birds flew over me  
and  
mated in mid-air.

Their egg  
dropped  
uselessly  
to the concrete road  
and smashed.

"Is it any wonder, then,  
that our numbers  
are so small?"  
cried  
the dying embryo.

J  
O  
H  
N  
  
F  
R  
I  
E  
S  
E  
N

O I saw a witch on the bus

O I saw a witch on the bus--  
pale, pallor--parlour  
face pulled taut  
around eyes of fire  
seared mask and blotched  
skin  
in a wide  
crooked  
jagged  
yellowed grin

J  
O  
H  
N

O witch  
you talk of pleasantries  
through your grin  
and in your oven I know  
you've got some  
half-baked youth  
who was only chasing after his  
gingerbread man,  
and you enticed him into your womb  
to protect him  
and instead popped him into your oven,  
you crusty old bitch

F  
R  
I  
E  
S  
E  
N

esoteric doctrine

the bird flaps

his wings

in non-existent

Newtonian Ether.

he doesn't  
give  
a damn;  
it  
holds him

up.

## The Tree Swinging

Eyes that seek,  
Eyes of collision,  
Eyes that cross the streets and knock at doors,  
Eyes that climb the wall and melt the bars,  
Eyes that cannot see  
Speak eyes for me!

Eyes that march,  
Eyes that thread the needle, pierce the skin,  
Eyes that open locks and let the neighbors in,  
Eyes that bind us in our own embrace  
Eyes that cannot be,  
Speak eyes for me!

Eyes that stand,  
Eyes of ambition,  
Eyes that gather garbage, carve in stone,  
Eyes that shatter marble, warm the bone,  
Eyes without a name,  
Speak eyes, and blame.

P  
E  
T  
E  
R

M  
O  
N  
T  
G  
O  
M  
E  
R  
Y

### Three Types of Tradition

Apes in the trees  
To please  
Anthropological, pedagogical  
Bees that sneeze in the breeze.  
  
The    The muse of Moses  
      Proposes  
      In spite of an absence of light  
      That we obey what the stone encloses.  
      Cherubs in flight,  
      Sad plight.  
      Geese on the sea of eternity  
      And me in my bed at night.

P  
E  
T  
E  
R  
  
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M  
E  
R  
Y

### One Afternoon Over Coffee

Hair splitting is no problem  
When you wear a wig.  
"Usura!" he says to them -  
He'll shrivel up like a fig.  
  
Tremble  
Tremble  
      Tremble!  
  
Remember! Never dissemble!  
  
I gave you dirt to eat  
And you painted me in the mirror.  
I thought your "kiss would be a treat"  
But it"stabbed us both with terror."

IDLE TALK.

Love is certainly standardized nowadays, my dear.

Why I hear

There was a time when men rode up and chose in  
a split second

And their bride went screaming over the hill

Bottoms up, on a horse.

Oh yes.

And in Turkey, they say (or was it Egypt?)

Well, anyway,

A bride, plump of.....well, you know what;

Was worth a few pearls or such

From the corner vendor.

But nowadays they want us to proclaim our urges,

(biological and psychological)

In accents tender;

Or we are candidates for you know where.

THOUGHT #1

"It's never too late,

It's never too late", I cry;

Teaching my dog how to fly,

And then I turn,

And find my hand still

Upon yesterdays' window sill,

And my foot still

Upon last evening' stair.

K  
A  
T  
H  
R  
Y  
N  
  
V  
I  
C  
K  
E  
R  
S  
-  
S  
I  
N  
C  
L  
A  
I  
R

Remembrance.

It wasn't very long ago  
That children ran in long hallways  
And retched their fear in polished johns  
Adorned with countless ballpoint pens.

And we, well, we were children then,  
Unthinking and unfeeling.  
Still....We held the coats of those who ran.  
Of those who searched for sharp-edged words;  
Who reached for laughter, hard and shrill.  
We held the coats of those who ran.

Just yesterday, our children told  
Of dark-eyed children grey with fear  
While people hissed and snapped like dogs.  
And conscience-struck, we had to face  
That other waiting, sorry child,  
Picking his nose at the schoolyard edge  
For fear of stones.

Spring 1965

K  
L  
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V  
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C  
K  
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R  
S  
-  
S  
I  
N  
C  
L  
A  
I  
R

## BIRD CAGES

In the factory where I work	
We mass produce bird cages	T
Of wire and solder	I
	M
And galvanised sheeting	
	L
Spraying them pink and blue and yellow	N
And fixing them with mirrors	D
	E
Bells and wooden perches	R

We pack them up in boxes  
Card boxes with card handles  
And bird cage in fancy letters  
And blue and green and yellow  
Budgerigars chirping semiguavers  
And send them out to drugstores  
And chinese grocers shops

not fade away

a chiffon-auraed magenta-scented lady  
with a half-past pink mouth and bare beige skin  
I once not well know  
occupied a curious state of mind:  
seeing all afterwards still pretended to be blind  
as our quote love unquote grew  
her blindness did too  
until oh my god i could be seen through.  
Why i asked. sigh she replied.  
"love is blind conveniently blind dear  
it's quite troublesome otherwise and when  
you're not there's nothing to fear."  
"clever" i said as i disappeared.

to 3 plastic picture holders

observe the lambent play of florescent light  
slicking over their scratchy surfaces,  
perfectly, as over flawed glass.  
note how they heremetically enclose  
my gallery of fond three by five images,  
my six thin scrims of vicarious immortality.  
oh friends, your still and silent duplicated  
selves  
suspended in quite photogenic posed  
are forever enshrined and protected  
from the unmerciful ravages of direct sunlight  
and the altogether corrosive exposure to air

by plastic  
by plastic  
by plastic

S  
T  
E  
V  
E  
  
G  
R  
O  
S  
S

## THEATRE PARTY

Someone came with a woman  
And I could sense that the presence of "artistes"  
Would give her food for chatter for weeks-

But you did not come.

So I satisfied myself envisioning a vision of  
a vision,  
Of a time when I had fingered some black velvet  
You had worn.

And I was puzzled by the implications  
Of knowing what you like:

Black Russian cigarettes,  
Avacadoes,  
Curried fish,  
But particularly, so particularly,  
Limes.

Limes: strong, bitter, cool  
On the table  
After the meal with candles  
and the dark wines  
and Turkish coffee.

Limes: fresh, sour, cool  
Beside the bed  
After the hours of love  
and the hot bath  
and warm oils.

I was puzzled by the implications  
Of knowing what you like,

But you did not come.

I  
S  
E  
B  
E  
L  
L  
E  
  
F  
O  
O  
R  
D

The lions

There are blue magpies;  
teeth under my wicked roof;  
and six cock pheasant  
sailing under my feet  
and the river-snake smoking its back along, over  
the River

And hanging water  
in the wet toweled sky'  
and the snow withering  
on the wormless ground;  
and the street-walking moon, waning about the  
morning

And all is lated.  
Beyond this new sickness  
the plague which bombasts  
into hard and painful  
boils, ours, theirs, the old man's, Adam's the grand-  
father and grandmother flesh

And thirty virgins  
rocking their new thighs  
males and females  
in the tablet chairs;  
wondering how I can praise beautiful love's hunch-  
back crooked angers

The blackboard whitens  
with the toe of chalk.  
And the white festers.  
The body of the air is  
spongy with cancers, spits malarias like a dish of  
mosquitoes

Joyce of Edmonton  
with a broken mouth;  
and Andy Wetaskiwin with  
broken clumsy hands  
trying to put together a mended word to ease the  
hearts dumbest creature

And Micaela Leduc  
with a broken curl;  
and Jerome Vegreville  
with a voice of cork  
elm bark, come puppy-smile, to turn a predator as  
boys turn beetles

As though they were Christ's  
counted sparrows, to whimper  
whistle, to the heavy  
growl of the lions,  
shoulder to shoulder, spilling paw and nose into  
the garbage tins

The majestic vermin  
of the city; sharpening  
their greasy teeth  
and breeding the gangrene  
and shadow of the lamb-eating city, with clawed backs,  
in the shadow of the city

The majestic city; raise  
sculpture of light  
enormous; archangels horsed  
into lantern-centaurs, conjugate  
the bloody verb, phrase, sentence of the coffin-  
cabined sun

Yet o may this day's hand  
and all this day's following  
elbow twist out of night  
into a nailed-christ's finger  
to bless this frail eggshell, and the within small  
weak knock and piping.

Seven variations

on a theft by George Barker

---

- |      |   |                            |
|------|---|----------------------------|
| I.   | I wrote some hubris to my love<br>upon a page of loss;<br>somebody has hidden it<br>in a wallet of glass                |                            |
| II.  | I wrote some hubris to my love<br>in a handwriting of doom;<br>one of you has picked it up<br>and showed it to the moon | W                          |
| III. | I wrote some hubris to my love<br>but on the way I lost it;<br>somebody has picked it up<br>and hid it in her pocket    | I<br>L<br>F<br>R<br>E<br>D |
| IV.  | I wrote some hubris to my love<br>in a love-letter of bone;<br>one of you has hid it<br>in her pocket of stone          | W<br>L<br>T<br>S           |
| V.   | I sent some hubris to my love<br>in an envelope of evil;<br>somebody has taken it<br>and touched it to her nipple       | O<br>N                     |
| VI.  | I wrote some hubris to my love<br>in words as tall as flesh;<br>somebody has stolen it<br>and hides it in her breast    |                            |
| VII. | I sent a letter to my love;<br>across my heart, I cut it;<br>one of you has taken it<br>and blots it in her pocket      |                            |

=/=

POem

for lainne.

your  
soft snatch  
is like  
an infants  
mouth

its  
tiny  
pink tongue  
wanting  
to taste  
whatever  
comes  
its way

and i  
the nipple  
of its  
mothers  
teat

T  
O  
M  
  
D  
O  
U  
G  
L  
A  
S

Poem

for wm. hawrelak.

if i leaped, into the wishing well  
of city hall

&

scaled the spaghetti tree

hand  
over  
hand

what would you say?

call me:

dumb dadaist,  
birdman of edmonton,

or,  
merely,

a crazy  
young  
fool

T  
O  
M

no.

i simply want to free the golden geese  
from their public prison.

D  
O  
U  
G

nothing should be caged like that,

L  
A

golden geese or ex-mayors.

S

Scot-free

I knew a scot  
who got free  
in the debris  
of his mind

"I knew better days"  
he said sadly,  
letting bygones be  
bygones and  
arranging garbage  
in artistic patterns  
around his disappearing  
head.

"Besides, I've got friends."

Hours.

(snow falling in coarse blue flakes  
upon the frozen surface  
of the cement lawns  
the fat brown worms  
fossilized  
in the damp snow  
the Warsaw Concerto  
slipping from  
the ancient radio)

the hours pass thus

the night  
the night  
the night

the long long night that never ceases

the warm white dust  
of your warm white bones  
on the warm white scape  
of snow

the snow that never ceases

T  
O  
M  
  
D  
O  
U  
G  
L  
A  
S

## Grassfire

their limbs erected  
on the first pride of  
the first knowing  
sheathed in sun and grassfire  
we remembered them  
their images preserved forever  
arrested in passing  
lambent youth  
grassfire chased by shadows  
and watched their flickering flight  
time will attest to their truth  
and their light  
they will someday say  
who were they?  
how did they live?  
they lived in light  
they were the grassfire

L  
Y  
N  
N  
E  
C  
O  
N  
N  
E  
L  
L

## Butterfly

In a long ago day  
(but gresh rising as  
a wavering image  
on a pool) she  
knew she saw him  
upen upon her hand  
the monarch  
butterfly  
emerged  
before flight  
wondering she  
knew and marvelled  
at the chance  
of her hand  
and of this birth  
that freedom left her  
far behind in a  
fluttering of wings  
like disappearing  
petals on a playful wind  
musing at her  
dusty fingers

JANET MARKHAM

JOHN FRIESEN

PETER MONTGOMERY

KATHRYN VICKERS-SINCLAIR

TIM LANDER

STEVE GROSS

ISABELLE FOORD

WILFRED WATSON

TOM DOUGLAS

LYNNE CONNELL

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454

for

THE YARDBIRD SUITE

june 10 & 11

THE SWAN CITY PLAYERS

of

GRANDE PRAIRIE

present.....

"a play in one act"

THE ROPE

by eugene o'neill

mary - angela howey

abraham bentley -

guy randall

annie - margaret howey

pat - dick clements

luke - les mcLeod

folksongs

with

dick clements

poems

read by

les mcLeod

around the turn of  
the century you are  
seated in an old barn  
on the seacoast.

the poems are taken  
from the following:  
-"the book of canadian  
poetry" by a.j.m.  
smith.  
-"a coney island of  
the mind" by lawrence  
ferlinghetti.  
-"w.b.yeats, selected  
poetry" by a.norman  
jeffares.  
-"selected poems" by  
t.s. eliot

...melodrama

...melody

...metre